



The Rain That Never Stopped



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Chapter 1 by Maarten van Elzelingen

Hi, I am Sam Teller,

I am living in an orphanage since I was 3 years old. My mother died after she gave birth to me and my father died when I was 3 years old. He got ran over by a car.

Since then I live in this orphanage.

I am 15 years old now and I want to get out of here. The people that were supposed to take care of me, were not actually taking care of me. They were laughing at me and making fun of me. The other children in this orphanage think I am a loser.

I want to get out of here. I want to be lost. I do not want to be found again.

I am Sam Teller and this is my story!

Chapter 2 by -



"Knock knock."

"Who's there?"

"It's me, come to take you to the orphanage!"

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Mine would be spent in a miserable, damp, brick building. With rats, cockroaches, and lice. With dirty, smelly, little kids. And with mean, bossy, know-it-all teens.

This isn't the kind of life I wanted...

Chapter 3 by -



"Tell-Her, Tell-Her!" The children laughed at me. "Come on Sam Tell-Her!" The keeper of the orphanage - Mrs. Pretal - was standing before us. Someone had killed her birds, and of course, everyone blamed it on me.

Another time, the other kids had broken into Mr. Pretal's wine cabinet. They took all of it and emptied them out on the floor I had just finished cleaning. So not only did I get the punishment for stealing, but also for not having the floor done.

Life here was nearly impossible to bear. But were two things that kept me going. My belief in God, and my plan for escape.

Chapter 4 by -



For the past week, the sky had remained dark. Stormy clouds persisted in hovering above the town. The rivers overflowed and the streets were flooded. It just wouldn't stop raining.

At first, I had cursed it. It seemed like on top of my life full of problems, there was the constant pattering of water to drench any spark of pleasantness. But now, I saw it as a blessing.

Due to the large amount of water everywhere, only one worker had showed up today - soaking wet. He was a notorious drunkard - THANK YOU!

I couldn't think of a more perfect time than this to break free. To leave these hideous surroundings and seek a better, more satisfying life. I was absolutely elated at the thought of escape. While I waited for the man with the keys to get drunk, I said a prayer of thanks and smiled to myself.

Chapter 5 by Maarten van Elzinga

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This was the moment I got... on his quick movements.
I was nearly cheering for... copy

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Finally, after 12 years being in this orphanage, I will finally escape.

I grabbed the keys and I walked slowly to the front door; a giant door with thin, metal plates on it.

I put the key in the keyhole and I tried to push the door, but It was too heavy.

I tried to bang myself into it from a distance.

It helped. The door was apperantly rotten; I jumped right through it.

There I was; in the outside world. It was raining. It felt like the sun had not even shown his warmth in 12 years.

Now I had to think of a place to go to.

I came up with the idea to go to the old treehouse; My father build it and I always played in it with mother.

Tears flooded my eyes when I thought about that.

I started running, but I did not know where to go. I have not been outside since I was 3 years old.

Then I saw it; flashbacks of the times with my mom and dad...

Chapter 6 by -



"Sam come on, you can do it!" I can remember my dad cheering me up the long ladder made of strong rope. When I would near the top and slowly peer over my shoulder down at mom, I would become scared of the great height. Dad would gently grab my arm and lift me inside.

"I knew you could do it!" He would say, giving me a big hug and tickling my stomach. I would then run the the tree-house's window and wave to mom. She would be smiling and waving her hand back.

The torrential rain pounding on my head brought me back to the dreary present. With no one to

turn to for help. No family to run home to.

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Just me against the incessant rain.

Chapter 7 by Val906

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But, the rain was refreshing, cold, and cleaned all my rage towards destiny, from now on I am the only one that controls it.

I started walking, thinking what could I do, and then it hit me. School! I know what you are thinking: 'school is the place that everyone hates', and I did too, believe me, but it was my only way out. This rainy sunday was a little bit less cold.

I knocked, but there was no soul in the halls, I look for an entrance when I remembered the broken window that my orphanate-mates broke a week ago, hoping that nobody fixed it, then I proceeded to find it.

I got a few cuts, but nothing that would hurt permanetly. I was in, the silence was scary and every step that I took was like a giant's snore, I tried to calm down my brain-box, I mean, there was an hurricane going on there. Will someone find me here? what if there's a psycopath, or a thief like in TV? Would he kill me? Could I join him? Yes, I know, I've seen too many criminal shows.

Chapter 8 by -



As I wandered through the deserted halls, listening to the plunder of rain hailing from above, I felt more keenly the desire for companionship.

Being alone - utterly alone, with not a friend in the world. No one would miss my presence at the orphanage. No one would come looking for me. No one would give a darn whether I lived or drowned in this storm.

And those thoughts hurt more than the icy cold draft which slithered across my soaked body.

"Ah hem. Can I help you?" A suited man appeared from the end of the hall. He held a black leather book against his bosom. "Please don't be frightened. I and my wife give shelter here to those who cannot afford for their own at present. Will you let us help you?" The man's voice was soft and tender.

Something gnawed within me. It was a small, cold, and sharp thing. I saw the man. I saw him reach out his hand, and I lifted mine, and put it into his. We walked through a door, and from that moment I knew the joys of having a

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From that night, as the rain continued, it became to me, a symbol of the constancy of love. For the lasting ties one makes with family, is as constant as the rain that never stopped...

the end

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